

The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, New York.
Ralph Pulitzer, President, 41 Park Row.
Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., Secretary, 41 Park Row.
Entered at the Post-office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
Subscription Rates: For Foreign and the Continent and
World for the United States. All Countries in the International
and Canada. Postal Union. 60 Cts.
One Year \$10.00 One Year \$10.00
Six Months \$5.00 Six Months \$5.00
VOLUME 57. NO. 20,054

WHAT FOR?

REPUBLICAN politicians are trying to find an excuse for an extra session of the State Legislature in military conditions along the Mexican border. Senator Brown clamors for it to provide comforts for the troops. Gov. Whitman intimates the necessity of revising election laws so absent soldiers may vote on election day.

If it is voted that the Governor and the Senator are looking for there are things that an extra session could do far more worth while than changing election laws or sending luxuries to the Rio Grande.

The people still left in New York City, and there are some 600,000 voters among them, have good reason to remember what burdens recent Legislatures put upon them, what taxes were levied upon them, what reliefs were denied them.

Think it over, Governor, before you call.

PAWNING THE SUEZ CANAL.

NO NEWS in the world of finance is more interesting than announcement that a block of shares of the Suez Canal Company is to be deposited by the French Government with New York bankers as part collateral for a loan of \$100,000,000. This is the first time that this stock has been seen in America.

Suez shares are the prime investment security of Europe. Even governments have scrambled for them. When England, by a clever stroke of Disraeli's in 1875, purchased the Khedive's one-third interest and thereby secured practical control away from the French, there was danger of serious international complications.

While nominally a private company, the Government of England directs it and has the Government of France for a junior partner. A majority of the shares are closely held in small lots by thousands of investors. Dividends in recent years have averaged 33 per cent. annually. There are about 400,000 shares outstanding, of which England owns about 175,000.

A hundred years ago hard pressed monarchs of Europe pawned their crowns to money lenders. Rothschild family fame and fortune rose out of the dire needs of Napoleonic wars.

To-day, when European governments are begging for American gold, they must put their choicest securities in loan envelopes, send them to Wall Street and pay the price that Morgan exacts.

There have been three steps so far in the American financing of Europe. First, we bought back American securities owned abroad. Next, the allies issued joint government bonds which we purchased. Now comes the third transaction, which is equivalent to a visit to the pawnbroker.

When their securities are exhausted the European powers will have to scrape up something else to sell or pledge. Wall Street might still make a loan on a royal crown and Newport certainly would on a Crown Prince. Windsor Castle and Versailles could find purchasers in some of our newly made billionaires for country seats. Certainly the Louvre art treasures would go well with the Morgan collection, and the Kremlin would ornament Central Park.

SUMMER MUSIC IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK in midsummer seems to revel in discord and distraction. The slamming of tango orchestras, the shouting of topical songs, the grinding of music machines pleases the public ear better than harmonies of best composers.

In winter New York is a music centre that compels international recognition. Its manifold activities, its broad cosmopolitanism, its free-for-all eclecticism are the envy of European cities despite their habitual sneer at America's musical ignorance and provincialism.

The world's greatest artists, as Europe sees them, sometimes with ill-disguised contempt for us, cannot resist the lure of the American dollar that compels them to sing and play for us at the risk of having their soaring wings clipped and their shining halos tarnished, as many of them find out to their sorrow and indignation, mostly the latter.

But in summer time it is another story. Between the end of April and the beginning of November New York, musically, is a barren waste. From the days of Theodore Thomas and Anton Seidl down through Kaltenborn, Schenck, Volpe and others, private efforts to give us good music in the summer season have not proved financially successful.

Primarily it is the fault of the public. Not being absorbed in natural love for music, like, for instance, the Germans, we mark off our music period on the calendar and with the first entrance of spring banish art from our thoughts.

This is peculiarly a characteristic of the Metropolis, because the rule does not prevail in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and other cities where excellent orchestras maintain their sway throughout the summer. Even our city authorities seem to have no music in their souls. Under the plea of necessary economy the appropriation of \$75,000 for summer music was cut down this year to \$23,000, and this to cover a variety of amusements for which formerly special provisions were made.

There is promise, however, this year of better results. The Civic Orchestra Society, which began its work auspiciously last year, bids fair to accomplish the hitherto unattainable. Two of twenty concerts arranged for Tuesday and Friday evening in Madison Square Garden have been given with both artistic and financial success. The enterprise has the support of men and women prominent in musical and social circles. Its aim is to aid the cause of popular music, its ideals are high and patriotic and its prices are within the reach of all.

Another institution full of promise for us is the New York Community Chorus, supported by voluntary contributions. There is hope of great things in it, for its aim goes beyond music into the realms of broad humanity. Out of its lofty ideals is sure to come help for that newly awakened spirit of Americanism that shall bind our citizens of whatever nationality and descent into one great force for Democracy, for Righteousness, for Preparedness and for Peace.

Men Who Fail

By J. H. Cassel



"I don't care if I lose this job; father can get me another."

Just a Wife
(Her Diary)

Edited By Janet Trevor
Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co.,
(The New York Evening World).

CHAPTER XL.

SHEPT. 3.—I called on Mrs. Winthrop to-day. Frankly, I didn't intend to do so. But, as a matter of common courtesy, I went to the house to inquire as to her progress in recovering from her wound. And the butler told me that Mrs. Winthrop had left orders to show me to her room.

She was reclining on her couch. "So charmed to see you, dear Mrs. Houghton," she murmured. "Your husband mentioned that you would call this morning, and I hoped you wouldn't mind coming up here to cheer a poor invalid."

"Certainly not," I answered politely. "I trust you are feeling better." "So well that your husband assures me I shall be out in a few days," she replied. "There's only one thing that worries me. I so dread appearing in court against young Dawson. If I could only arrange in some way to have the prosecution dropped."

Suddenly she leaned forward, fixing her intent eyes, with their lids slightly darkened, on mine. She spoke in a low, almost a light tone, but I noticed that one slender white hand, resting on her Nile green draperies, clenched till the red showed through the white on the knuckle line.

"There is a way by means of which that poor boy needn't be dragged through the courts and the prisons," she said. "You and I know, Mrs. Houghton, that he wasn't responsible for what he was doing. I do not remember seeing him at the Trois Arts, but when they told me his name I recalled that he once did a portrait of me. I knew him in the nearest business way—namely, as well as I know my hairdresser or my masseuse. And I lost track of him completely."

"I don't want to prosecute him. But the thing was so public that I see only one way of hushing it up—I mean, of sparing him," she added, hastily. "He must be declared insane and his counsel induced to ask for a commission to confirm his irrational mental condition. My lawyer says that he will have the case brought before Judge Benton, who has been a friend of mine for a long time. If I may I do not wish to prosecute because I consider young Dawson irresponsible and if you and Mr. Houghton, who witnessed the attack, testify that Dawson appeared to be out of his mind."

"But he didn't," I said firmly. "He seemed perfectly calm. And my husband, who talked with him the night you were hurt, assured me he was sane. If the case is heard in the regular way you undoubtedly can induce the Judge to suspend sentence—temporarily. I couldn't help adding, 'after he hears the boy's story of why he shot you.'"

There was a steady edge in her

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co., (The New York Evening World).

THERE are very few all-silk marriage ties, warranted not to shrink, stretch, run or fade, nowadays.

A canoe is something like a confirmed bachelor; it LOOKS so simple and romantic and easy to manipulate until you try it.

The woman who marries a fool spends her life in trying to make a man of him; while the woman who marries a real man seems to spend her life in trying to make a fool of him.

In these days of hole-proof socks, bachelor's buttons and near-love, no man appears to see any reason for exchanging the delightful variety of freedom for the doubtful joy of spending all his evenings and all his money on one girl.

When prudence comes in at the door love has long since flown out at the window; no man's "common sense" ever comes into action until his heart is having a reaction.

There are lots of ways of making a man happy, but marrying him isn't one of them.

When a girl starts out in life with a lot of ideals in one hand and a pedestal in the other she is doomed to clothe the first man who makes love to her with all the glory of a movie hero and all the virtues of a stained-glass saint.

The better a man understands a woman the better he loves—some other woman; the more he knows of one kind of girl the more he admires "the other kind."

Tent Frame and Suspended Cots Combined.

(By Permission of Popular Mechanics.)
A METAL tent frame in which two cots are suspended when the outfit is set up, has been devised for campers who desire a substantial equipment that can be packed into small space. Fastened to the ridge pole by hinged couplings are four supporting members which form an "A" at the front and back. Their bases are connected by rods at the sides, front and back. The entire framework, except the forward and rear base rods, which are of round iron, is of angle iron. Suspended from the supporting beams by heavy coil springs are two cots, one at either side; these have collapsible metal frames, across which canvas is stretched. The cots are 6 ft. 4 in. long and in the daytime can be folded back against the walls. The ridge pole extends a foot beyond the framework at either end, and the canvas is designed to be staked down 10 in. beyond the sides of the frame so that the cloth may have no unnecessary contact with the supports.

voice as she replied: "That is the story which must not be told. I heard of Dawson's ravings to Dr. Houghton. Of course they are the fabrications of a disordered brain, but they must not be published, as they undoubtedly would be if introduced as testimony." "And so you want to shut that boy in madhouse for the best years of his life because his TRUE story told in open court might injure your precious reputation?" I exclaimed indignantly. "And you want my husband and me to support you with perjury. We shall do no such thing." "Your husband has already promised to do it, Mrs. Houghton," she said softly. "And then I left her, for I would not bear her besmirch Ned with her lies. I am going to ask him never to see her again."

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell.

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co.,
(The New York Evening World).

WHEN Mr. Jarr came home the other evening he saw from the attention Mrs. Jarr bestowed upon the little Jarrs that some important social event was in prospect.

"Where are the children going?" asked Mr. Jarr. "They're going with Mrs. Rangle and the Rangle children to the moving pictures," replied Mrs. Jarr, as she tied little Emma Jarr's back hair ribbon so tight that the pull on her scalp was so pronounced it drew the skin of her face tight and made her almond-eyed.

"There now," she said, viewing with satisfaction the appearance of the spic-and-span and scrubbed darlings. "Now go off and have a good time, dears. Don't annoy Mrs. Rangle, and if she does invite you to have soda water, don't take the expensive sodas that cost 10 cents, and make the soda clerk give you paper napkins and put them under your chins. For the last time you had chocolate soda you ruined your new blue dress, Emma."

The children dutifully promised everything and forgot as they promised. And as Mrs. Jarr hung out of the window to admire them as they passed down the street to the Rangle flat she was heard to remark that two better or two prettier children didn't live to gladden the eyes and hearts of all.

"But I'm sure they ought to be good and happy," she added. "Certainly children these days have good times, what with the moving pictures and the park parties and all the pleasures they have to. I didn't have as a child. And then I married and haven't had any pleasure since—that is, to speak of."

"Well," said Mr. Jarr, "let us go to see the movies." "No," replied Mrs. Jarr. "It will be my turn next week to take our children and the Rangle children. And the evening is so warm I won't care to sit in a picture theatre. But I would like to take a little walk if you wouldn't mind. I haven't had my nose outside the door for so long."

"I simply have no cves," replied Mr. Jarr agreeably, and leaving Gertrude to watch the flat and to take up sentry position at the front window and hope for a fire that she might see her gallant fireman beau, Claude, dash by to save the child and the documents, the Jarrs were soon strolling around the block.

"Honestly, I feel like a stranger in a strange land," confided Mrs. Jarr.

The Story of Our Last War With Mexico

By Bancroft Taylor

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co., (The New York Evening World).

CHAPTER IX. The Final Victory.

AFTER the Battle of Chapultepec there was an armistice that lasted until Sept. 6. By this time Gen. Scott became convinced that the Mexicans had no intention of negotiating a treaty.

Two days after the armistice had been established an American train went into the capital to bring out supplies as was attached by Imperial, and although Santa Anna himself witnessed this act of violation, he did not interfere with the train. On the night of Sept. 6 Gen. Scott learned that bells were being taken from the steeples of churches in Mexico del Rey, under the guns of the Castle of Chapultepec, for the evident purpose of having them recast into cannon. He therefore attacked the place on the night of Sept. 8.

Molino del Rey, making a furious resistance with greatly superior numbers, was taken the following day. The victors paid dearly, with 747 killed and wounded. Throughout the battle bells in the city were ringing, as though proclaiming a Mexican victory.

The Americans were now brought close upon the fortifications of Chapultepec.

The storming of the Castle of Chapultepec, with the full power of the American batteries, began at dawn on Sept. 13. Gen. Pillow directed the assault. Gen. Bravo commanded the castle, while Santa Anna, with 900 men, among whom were youths of the military college established there, occupied more exposed points. A line of entrenchments ran in front of the buildings. These entrenchments offered the first obstacle to the advance of a corps of Pillow's division. Posted in the rear of this battalion was a storming party from Worth's division. Another storming party from Quitman's division was equipped with ladders and other implements for scaling the walls of the castle.

Mountain howitzers opened fire on the entrenchments, and Lieut. Col. Johnstone led a battalion of voltigeurs down to the level ground about the redan, which he was to assault. Covered by the second artillery, the storming parties followed close after. Johnstone's men, rushing through two ditches and over the parapet, entered the redan, and, cutting through a grove, joined the main force, which had advanced through the gateway of Molino del Rey.

The enemy worked its first real havoc when the assaults rose over the crest of the hill to be met by a heavy artillery fire. A mountain howitzer was brought up, and its fire, with that of a party of voltigeurs, cleared the crest. Support was given by other troops, and ladders were carried up. A general attack was now made. Ladders were raised, and Lieut. Holden was the first to attempt scaling the wall. But he, with others, was struck down by a reloaded musketry fire.

Presently, however, Capt. Howard of the voltigeurs reached the parapet unhurt and others followed. With a shout a considerable force then gained the crest. Johnstone was leading another party directly toward the gate of the castle. The defenders sent a hot fire from the windows, but this was soon slackened by Lieut. Reno's mountain howitzers. The advance was continued with such rapidity that the Mexicans were driven from the eastern terrace and the whole southern front of the castle.

Johnstone made a successful attack on the southeastern angle of the castle, and a few moments later the Americans, fighting with the greatest ferocity they had shown during the course of the war, were beating their way through every door. In a surprisingly short time they occupied the whole castle. Major Seymour of the Ninth Infantry tore down the Mexican flag, and soon afterward the American standard was flying from the top of the castle.

With its stronghold taken the City of Mexico was virtually in possession of the Americans, and the war had practically come to an end. By 1 o'clock on the morning of Sept. 14 the Mexican army had left the capital, and at dawn a white flag was sent from the city with the message that the place had been abandoned. This had been accomplished with an American loss of 969 killed and wounded.

The treaty of peace was signed at Guadalupe-Hidalgo on Feb. 2, 1848. By it Mexico received \$15,000,000 in the way of indemnity, but lost the territory of Alta California, New Mexico, Texas and a part of her State of Coahuila.

THE END.

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co., (The New York Evening World).

Costs in Retail Stores.

I WAS looking over a list the other day, giving the average cost of doing business of various stores, as compiled from the records of over a thousand retail establishments," said a merchant.

"It ran as follows: Groceries, 25.00 per cent. Hardware, 25.00 per cent. Clothing, 25.00 per cent. Shoes, 25.00 per cent. Furniture, 25.00 per cent. Variety Goods, 25.00 per cent. Dry Goods, 25.00 per cent. Books, 25.00 per cent. Stationery, 25.00 per cent. Toys, 25.00 per cent. Drugs, 25.00 per cent. Flowers, 25.00 per cent. Miscellaneous, 25.00 per cent."

"These figures give the relation between total expense and total sales. I wish the investigation had included some of the lines in which profits are reputed to be exceptionally high, such as millinery, jewelry and confectionery. I've often wondered whether the alleged high profits in these lines were due to low cost in relation to sales or to high percentage of profit per sale. Several jewelry store proprietors have told me that their cost of doing business ranged from 25 to 35 per cent., which would seem to indicate that the percentage of profit per sale explained their success."

"Now, according to this list, groceries present the best showing. But that does not necessarily mean that it is the most profitable of the lines covered. It is a matter of the per capita wealth of the furniture dealers of any city is far greater than that of the grocers."

"There is no question in my mind that 'retailers' actual costs are steadily rising. Better fixtures are demanded to-day than twenty years ago and better service. With increased population, land values are up; this means higher rents. And the long profits of a previous generation are a thing of the past. But, on the other hand, a greater volume of business is done to-day in the same space and with relatively the same labor cost. This is due to the sale of packaged goods and to the fact that heavy consumer popularizing shortens the time required per sale. Therefore, it is by no means certain that costs are greater than previously when judged by the percentage standard. Greater volume means speedier turnover and the latter means more profit for each dollar invested."

Facts Not Worth Knowing

By Arthur Baer

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co., (The New York Evening World).

SUNBURN can be accelerated by holding a strong magnifying glass between the skin and the sun.

Vital statistics show that ninety-nine out of every 100 Ohioans are so adept as to be able to swear in between syllables.

Shoes can be made to wear down evenly by switching the left shoe to the right foot and the right shoe to the left foot.

A society is being organized by philanthropic stout people the purpose of which is to donate their surplus shadows to the scuttering proletariat.

The Flatbush inventor of the eyeless needle for bachelors is now perfecting an invention that will enable young men to eat watermelon without changing their collars.

hooking her hand tightly into Mr. Jarr's arm and holding fast as they passed Gus's Maestrom for Married Men on the corner. "I really don't know who's living around us any more or what's going on. Well, I was always that way. My neighbors' affairs never interest me. If they'll mind their business I'll mind mine."

Just then a slim girl of eighteen pattered by them.

"That's the Grimley girl," whispered Mrs. Jarr. "Gladys Grimley. That is, she now calls herself Gladys, but her right name is Becky. She was expelled for flirting from boarding school and came home and sat around with her ankle bandaged and pretended she had to leave school because she had strained a tendon in the gymnasium. And there wasn't anything wrong with her ankle at all."

"She's a pretty girl," remarked Mr. Jarr.

"Pretty?" repeated Mrs. Jarr. "Can't you see how she toes in and is stoop shouldered too? There goes the new superintendent of the big apartment house around the corner. They say he makes all the trades-

men pay him a commission on everything the tenants buy. He gets his milk and bread and ice for nothing too. A lot of people think he could tell who broke into the unrented apartments and stole all the electric light fixtures and all the bath room and kitchen plumbing."

Mrs. Jarr's attention was now attracted to a stout lady looking out of the window of a ground floor flat.

"That's Mrs. Dillingford, who just moved into those small thirty dollar flats," she said. "She made a lot of money running cheap restaurants, then she married a broken down actor and lost all her money putting on a play."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Jarr.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Jarr, "but she's very good hearted, and has done so much for Tony the bootblack's wife at the corner, who has twins. Well, let's go back home. I'm not curious at all, but I often wonder what is going on around me. Isn't it odd to look about you and see people living right beside you of whom you know no more than though they were in China?"